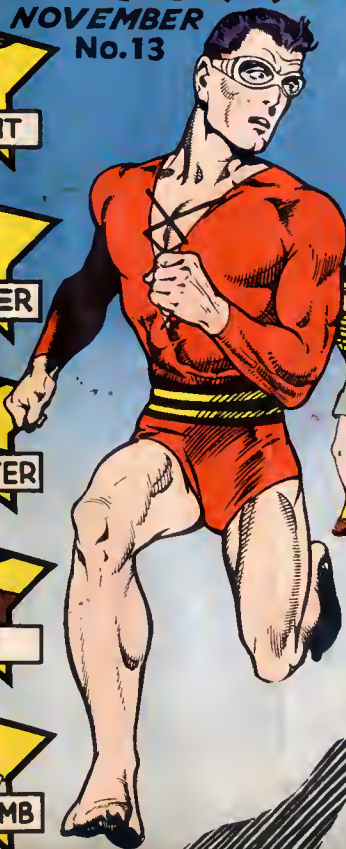
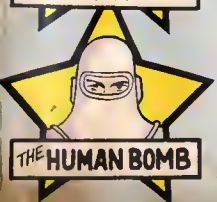


# POLICE

## COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER  
No.13



Starring  
**PLASTIC  
MAN**  
THE INDIA RUBBER  
WIZARD WHO  
BOUNCES, BENDS &  
STRETCHES, SHRINKS





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# A BELL RINGER!

PACKED  
WITH  
THRILLS



FEATURING AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER

## BLACKHAWK

ALSO THE SNIPER, SECRET WAR NEWS, PHANTOM CLIPPER  
AND MANY OTHERS

## DON'T MISS THEM!

POLICE COMICS, November, 1942, No. 13. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Garley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, John Beardsley, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, P. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 10, Ill.

**STOP!****LOOK!**

AND

**READ!**

**PRESENTING WHO CAN'T  
BE HARMED**



by  
**JACK  
COLE**

**FOR  
NEW  
READERS  
ONLY..**

IN ORDER TO GET INFORMATION ON CROOKS, PLASTIC MAN POSES AS GANGSTER, EEL O'BRIAN, AND MINGLES WITH THE UNDERWORLD.. THEN THE INDIA RUBBER MAN GOES INTO ACTION, BRINGING HIS PREY TO JUSTICE, HIS ONLY WEAPON BEING HIS ABILITY TO BEND, TWIST OR MOLD INTO ANY SHAPE!!

OUR STORY  
BEGINS AS  
SIMPLY AS  
THIS...

HELP!  
I'M  
DROWNING!



HO  
HUM!

SPUT  
SPUT  
SPUT



YOU HAVE SAVE ZE  
LIFE OF ZAMBI ZE  
SOOTHZAYER! FOR  
ZAT I REWARD  
YOU..YES? NO?..

MMM  
!!

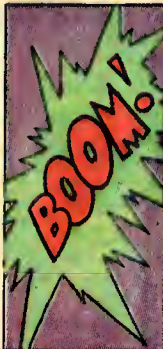


I HEREBY BE-  
STOW UPON YOU THE  
PROTECTION OF  
NATURE!! FROM  
THIS DAY FORTH,  
NO HARM YOU!!  
SHADDROE!!

?



BOOM!



MMM.. HE'S  
GONE!.. A  
CRACK+POT,  
NO DOUBT!..  
CAN'T BE HURT,  
EH? WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT!



BY GEORGE, IT'S TRUE  
..I DON'T FEEL A THING!  
BUT THEN I NEVER  
COULD FEEL ANY PAIN  
IN MY HEAD!.. BETTER  
PICK A MORE VULNER-  
ABLE SPOT FOR THE  
ACID TEST..



WITH LABORIOUS EFFORT,  
WOZZY WINKS CLIMBS  
A NEARBY CLIFF AND  
JUMPS..



STILL NO  
PAIN!! THIS IS  
REMARKABLE TO  
SAY THE LEAST!

WHY, WITH THIS  
ABILITY I CAN  
MAKE A FORTUNE!  
BY EITHER GOOD  
OR BAD METHODS!  
HMMM.. WHICH  
SHALL IT BE?  
GOOD OR BAD?  
I'VE GOT IT...



HEADS I USE  
MY POWERS  
FOR GOOD..  
TAILS FOR  
EVIL !!



HMMMM!!



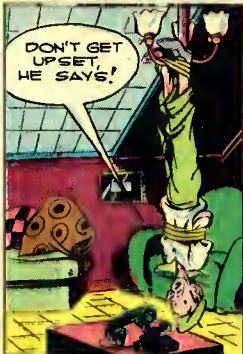
WOULDN'T  
YOU LIKE  
TO KNOW  
??





SOME TIME LATER, THE POLICE RECEIVE A CALL...

THIS IS HOMER TWITCHEL, THE GREAT SCULPTER. HOMER COME QUICKLY... "DON'T MY PRICELESS GET SO STATUES HAVE UPSET BEEN STOLEN" ABOUT IT!!



HEY PLASTIC! THINK YOU CAN STOP RUBBERING OUT THE WINDOW LONG ENOUGH TO ANSWER A CALL?

OH, OH.. GOTTA GO MIKE!

C\*!!# JUS' WHEN I HAD Y' LICKED!



BUT WHEN PLASTIC MAN REACHES HOMER'S STUDIO, HE FINDS...

?? THE PLACE IS EMPTY!! IF THIS IS A JOKE...



THAT'S QUEER. THE WORD 'HELP' SPELLED OUT IN CLAY ON THIS BOOK...



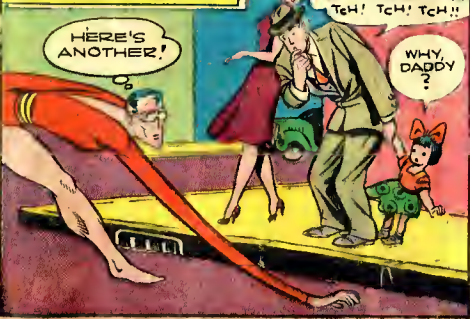
BUT WHY ON A BOOK?? AND WHY, "HANS AND GRETHEL"?? ..UNLESS..



HANS AND GRETHEL DROPPED BREAD CRUMBS TO MARK A TRAIL.. PERHAPS HOMER TWITCHEL DROPPED CLAY!



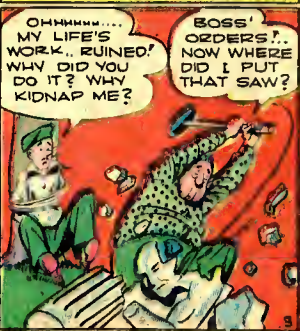
OUT INTO THE STREET HE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL.



PLASTIC MAN, GUTTER SNIPING! Tch! Tch! Tch!!

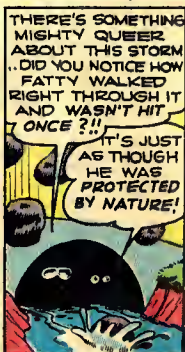
WHY, DADDY?

MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY...



OMMMMMMM... MY LIFE'S WORK.. RUINED! WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY KIDNAP ME?

BOSS' ORDERS!.. NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT SAW?



AFTER THE STORM SUBSIDES...

WELL, HOMER'S GONE INTO HIDING. NOW MAYBE EEL O'BRIAN CAN FIND WHAT PLASTIC MAN COULDN'T ABOUT FATSO!



LATER, AT A CAFE, EEL FINDS HIS QUARRY

PARDON, CHUM, NAME'S O'BRIAN...!! I'VE HEARD OF YOU, AN'... SORRY, BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF YOU!



WHAT! NEVER HEARD OF EEL O'BRIAN, TOUGHEST THUG IN TOWN? SAY, YOU AND I COULD MAKE A MINT T'GETHER!! GO WAY SMALL FRY!



SO YOU WANT PROOF OF MY ABILITY, EH? OKAY, SMART STUFF. I'LL MEET YOU HERE IN TWO WEEKS. AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE PAPERS, 'CAUSE YOU'LL BE READING A LOT ABOUT ME!





NOW FOR  
A FEW  
JOBS TO  
CONVINCE  
THE  
SKEPTIC..



THUS BEGINS A SERIES OF  
DARING ROBBERIES, THE LIKE  
OF WHICH IS SELDOM SEEN..

IN BANKS



IN JEWELRY  
STORES..



NO ONE IS SAFE  
FROM HIS GRASP

WUXTRY!!  
ANOTHER  
BANK LOOTED  
BY THE EEL!  
WUXTRY!!



HOT-TEMPERED POLICE CAPTAIN  
MURPHEY IS IN A DITHER..

FINE FORCE  
YOU ARE.. LETTING  
THE EEL MAKE  
GOOPS OF YOU!!  
WE KNOW!  
DON'T RUB IT  
IN CHIEF!



WHEN TWO WEEKS ARE  
UP EEL MEETS WOZZY..

..AND AFTER DUE  
CONSIDERATION,  
FRIEND, I'VE  
DECIDED TO  
TAKE YOU ON  
AS MY JUNIOR  
PARTNER  
SWELL!  
WHEN  
DO WE  
START!



TONIGHT! HOW  
ARE YOU ON  
SWIPING MARBLE  
STATUETTES??



WE'RE GOING TO  
STEAL EVERY ONE  
OF HOMER TWITCHEL'S  
BUSTS FROM THE  
CITY MUSEUM!

BUT WHY?  
IT'S A  
SECRET, CHUM!  
MEET ME  
HERE AT  
EIGHT!



AS PLASTIC MAN,  
HE GOES TO THE  
POLICE..

AND WHERE WERE  
YOU WHEN EEL O'BRIAN  
WAS TEARING THE  
CITY APART, MISTER  
PLASTIC MAN?

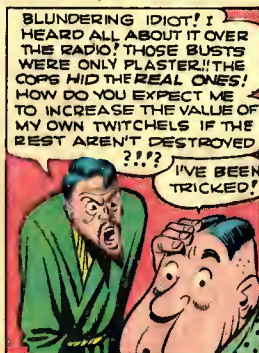


BANK YOUR FIRES,  
MURPHEY.. I'VE JUST  
FOUND OUT THAT  
EEL AND THE THUG  
WHO STOLE HOMER  
TWITCHEL'S  
SCULPTURE PIECES  
ARE PULLING A  
REPEAT TONIGHT!

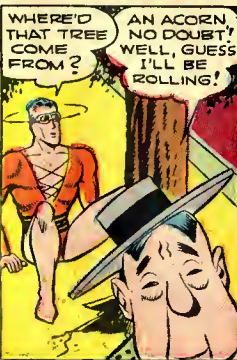
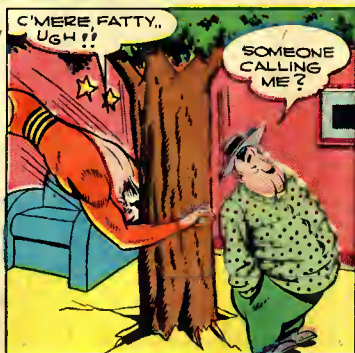


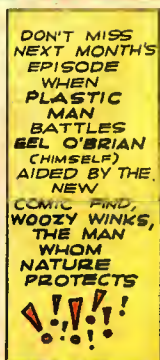












Watch for the next sensational episode of Plastic Man in the December issue.



# Dewey Drip

BLAST IT MEN! PUT SOME LIFE IN THIS DRILL! PRETEND IT'S A REAL SCRAP!

IMAGINE YER REALLY BEIN' ATTACKED! JAPS DROPPIN' FROM THE SKIES LIKE FLIES!

SHECKS! AH'M LATE FER BAYNIT DRILL AGIN!

NAZI PARATROOPS! HERE THEY COME! THE ENEMY RIGHT AT US! BY THOUSANDS!

BANG! BANG! IT'S COME AT LAST! SURPRISE ATTACK!

STIR YO' SILLY STUMPS, GENERAL, AND RALLY YO' MEN T' FIGHT INVASION!

WHAT TH'?

AN' YO'- MRS. GENERAL, GIT ON DAT HOSS AN' HEAD FO' D' WOODS BEFO' DEY GITS YO'!

BUT KEEP COOL!

COURAGE MARTHA, I'M COMING!

YA BLASTED SAP! WE AIN'T ATTACKED! I WAS JUST GIVIN' THEM GUYS A PEP TALK FER BAYONET DRILL!

WE CAN STILL PUT PEP IN THAT DRILL, SERGEANT

PLENTY O' PEP! DO YOUR STUFF MEN!

RIGHT TRIUMPHANT - OR MIGHT? IS THE SLOGAN OF LIFER, DAN DYCE, WHO THROUGH SECRET TUNNELS, LEAVES WESTMOOR PRISON AT WILL AND VENTURES FORTH TO BATTLE CRIME AND EVIL.

# 711

by  
GEORGE  
E.  
BRENNER.



'DEEK' DAKIN, NEWLY ADMITTED CONVICT, WALKS SLOWLY ACROSS A DESERTED SECTION OF THE WESTMOOR PRISON YARD---

SUDDENLY A GUARD SHOUTS AN ORDER...

HEY-YOU DAKIN-HALT!

EH?

WHY AIN'T YOU WITH THE OTHER "CONS"?

NO REASON- I'M JUST TAKIN' A WALK---

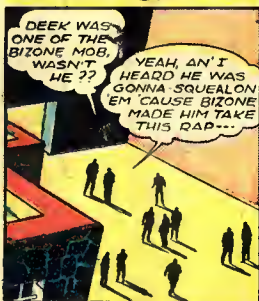
YOU MEAN, TRYIN' TO ESCAPE!

YER OFF YER NUT, SCREW-- THESE WALLS ARE THIRTY FEET HIGH- AN' NO OPENINGS--





THE NEWS OF DAKIN'S DEATH TRAVELS LIKE WILDFIRE THROUGH THE PRISON----



THAT NIGHT, THE FIGURE OF A MAN SLIDS QUIETLY THROUGH THE PRISON GATES---



IT'S THE GUARD---



THE COLD-BLOODED KILLING IS WITNESSED BY DAN DYCE, LIFER # 711-----



AND CLOSE ON HIS HEELS FOLLOWS 711 !!!



A HALF HOUR LATER---

BIZONE IN,  
TURK?YEAH-GO  
ON IN!  
SCREW-HI-SCREW-  
NICE JOB!I THOUGHT  
SO- YOU  
GOT MY  
DOUGH?THE PAY-OFF IS  
WATCHED BY TI--TEN GRAND,  
RIGHT-NOW I  
GOTTA GET BACK  
TO MY JOB- SO  
LONG, BIZONE!OH OH- I  
BETTER  
TELL THE  
BOSS---BIZONE-  
WHERE'S  
SCREW??GONE-  
WHY?HE WAS  
FOLLOWED  
HERE BY  
TI!!

WHAT!

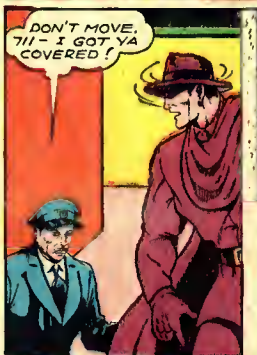
700!

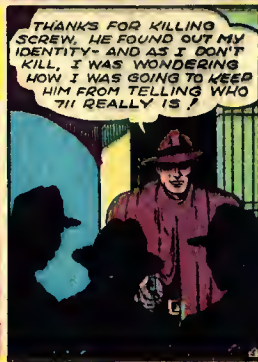
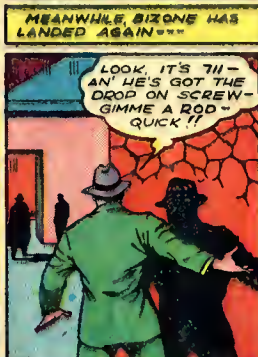
YA SHOULD  
DUGGED  
HIM- C'MON,  
WE GOTTA  
WARN SCREW-  
HURRY--OUT OF THE FOG, A SMALL  
CRAFT APPROACHES THE  
PRISON----CUT TH'  
MOTOR!NICK, YOU GO  
AN' WARN SCREW-  
TELL HIM TI IS WISE,  
AN' TO BE ON TH' LOOK-  
OUT FOR HIM AN' TO  
SHOOT TO KILL-NONE  
OF US IS SAFE  
NOW---PSST!- SCREW-  
IT'S ME, NICK!





AND SCREW IS ON THE ALERT FOR TII----







# CHIC CARTER

by  
VERNON  
HENKEL



OUT OF THE SLUMS OF A BIG CITY HOBBOLES A WRETCHED ONE-LEGGED BEGGAR...



BIG ED THORN IS GONNA PULL ANOTHER JOB TONIGHT..I GOTTA GET TO MY POST OR HE'LL BE SORE!



BIG ED IS GOOD TO ME..AND I MUST WATCH OUT SO'S THE COPS WON'T GET HIM!

ERROOW



HERE HE COMES NOW IN THAT BIG TRUCK ...MUST BE GONNA ROB THAT FUR STORE!

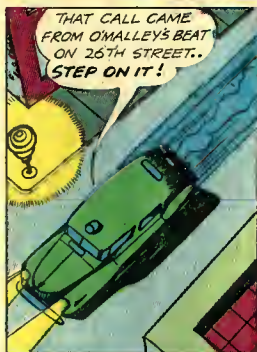


THERE'S CREEPY AT HIS POST ...EVERYTHINGS OKAY..LETS GO!

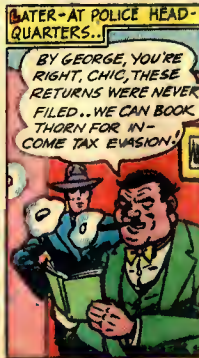


HURRY UP-GET DAT STUFF LOADED! HOLY SMOKE'S-HERE COMES A FLATFOOT!

HEY!









**LATER**

THAT NIGHT!

SO DEY INDICTED ME FOR INCOME TAX EVASION.. HA! DAT'S A HOT ONE! DEY CAN'T SEND BIG ED THORN UP DA RIVER!!

Y-YES BUT I'M AFRAID Y'AINT GOT NO CHANGE ATALL, B-BIG ED!

**SHADDAP!** I KNOW HOW TA STOP 'EM.. I'LL BUMP OFF DA DISTRICT ATTORNEY!



**NO! NO, YA CAN'T DO THAT.. THEY'LL ONLY CATCH YA AND PUT YA IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.. DON'T BESIDES YOU'LL BEAT THIS RAP!**

I KNOW WHY I LISTEN TO A PUG LIKE YOU.. BUT O.K.!



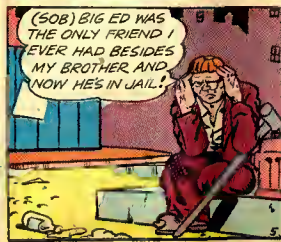
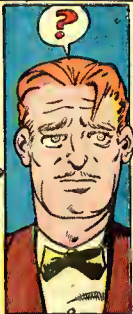
ONE MONTH PASSES..



**EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT-BIG ED THORN GUILTY-GETS 10 YEARS!!**





**BIG ED THORN ESCAPES!!**





# The Firebrand



JOAN THINKS NO GAME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT PEANUTS, SO...

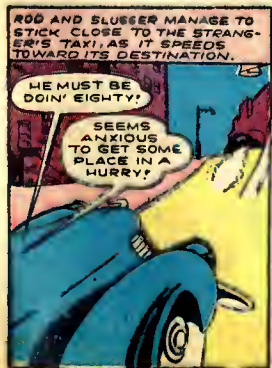


BUT THE STRANGER NEXT TO ROD INSISTS ON HAVING ROD'S BAG OF PEANUTS.

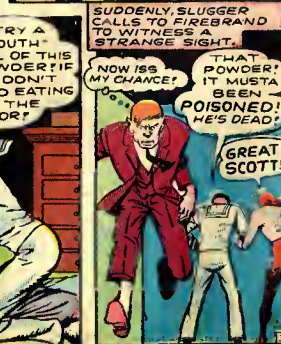
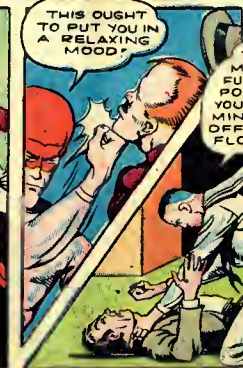


SUDDENLY, THE MAN GETS UP AND LEAVES.













FIREBRAND WHISPERS A HASTY PLAN TO SLUGGER. THEN DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE SURFACE.

GOODLUCK, PAL!

THEN, HELP! YOU SHOT MY PAL!

THE NAZIS DRAG SLUGGER ON BOARD TO PREVENT HIM FROM CALLING FOR HELP..

STOP SHOUTING, YOU FOOL.. OR VELL FIX YOU, TOO!

HURRY! THE POLICE ARE COMING! PUT HIM MIT OER GIRL!

BELOW..

OH, SLUGGER! WAS FIREBRAND REALLY KILLED?

BUT, FIREBRAND HAS DUCKED UNDER THE BOAT, COMING UP ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THIS MAY COME AS A BIT OF A SURPRISE TO THEM...I HOPE!

AND SUDDENLY..

YOU BAD BOYS WEREN'T GOING TO SHOOT THE HARBOR POLICE, WERE YOU?

THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW.. TOO!

UGH!

A MINUTE LATER..

LOADING GUININE WITH POISON TO SEND TO THE ARMY IN THE ISLANDS, EH? YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB CATCHING THEM, FIREBRAND!

THANK YOU, SIR!

LATER..

OH, WASN'T FIREBRAND MARVELOUS? BY THE WAY, WHERE'S ROD, SLUGGER?

MY PAL!

OH, HE DISAPPEARED WHEN THE TROUBLE STARTED?

HI, FIREBRAND! WANT SOME HELP?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

# Steel Kerrigan

PAROLED AFTER BEING UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED, *Steel Kerrigan* BATTLES CRIME AS A ONE MAN CRUSADE TO PROVE HE'S ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW.

134  
AL BRYANT



THE DEATH HOUSE IN A STATE PENITENTIARY.

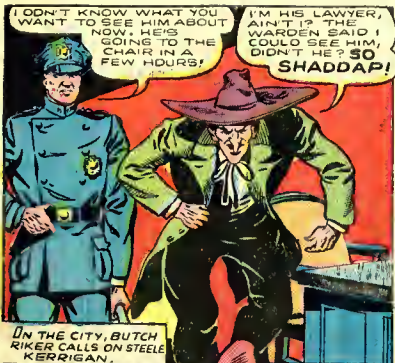
HEY!  
WHAT  
TH.?

STILL UP TO THE SAME TRICKS, EH, CLARKSON?  
I OUGHT TO SOCK YOU ONE, WAN?  
IF YOU WEREN'T FRYIN' TONIGHT I WOULD!

ME IN THE HOT SEAT? HAW!  
HAW! DAT'S A LAUGH! LISTEN,  
SCREW, A CHAIR AIN'T BEEN  
MADE DAT'LL CROAK  
"MACHINE GUN"  
CLARKSON!







ON THE CITY, BUTCH RIKER CALLS ON STEELE KERRIGAN.

WELL IF IT AIN'T ME OL' PAL STEELE, I WUZ HOPIN' I'D FIND YA!



WELL, S'LONG, STEELE. DON'T TAKE ANY WODDEN NICKELS.

SO LONG, BUTCH! COME AROUND AGAIN SOME TIME!



BUTCH RIKER! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE WE WERE CELLMATES... TDD BAD... WE WERE JUST GOING OUT... I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU FOR AWHILE!



CHARMING VISITOR YOU HAD, STEELE!

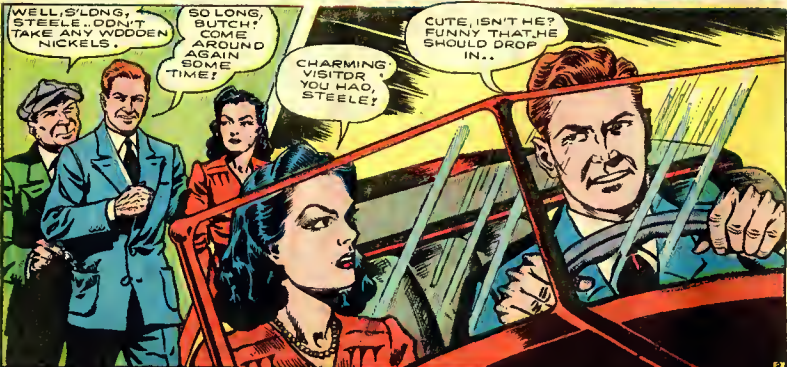


OH, DAT'S O.K., STEELE. DON'T LEMME KEEP YER!

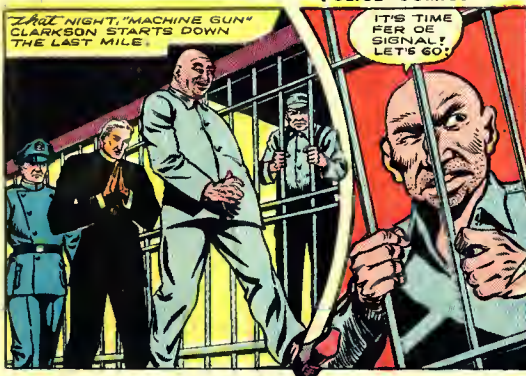
SO HE'S GOING OUT, EH? DAT'S GOOD TER KNOW!



CUTE, ISN'T HE? FUNNY THAT HE SHOULD DROP IN..



LAST NIGHT, "MACHINE GUN"  
CLARKSON STARTS DOWN  
THE LAST MILE.



IT'S TIME  
FER OE  
SIGNAL!  
LET'S GO!

GIT DE ARTILLERY  
READY, BOYS!



C'MERE, SCREW I  
WANNA SHOW  
YER SUMPIN'  
IMPORTANT!



WHAT  
IS IT?

DIS  
SUCKER!  
HOW DO  
YOU LIKE  
IT?



I BEEN WAITIN  
A LONG TIME  
FER A CHANCE  
TER PLUG  
YOUSSE  
GUYS!



HAW! HAW! DIDN'T I  
SAY "MACHINE GUN"  
CLARKSON WUZN'T  
GONNA FRY  
TONIGHT?!



I HOPE OE  
GANGS HAS  
OE CAR  
ALL SET!

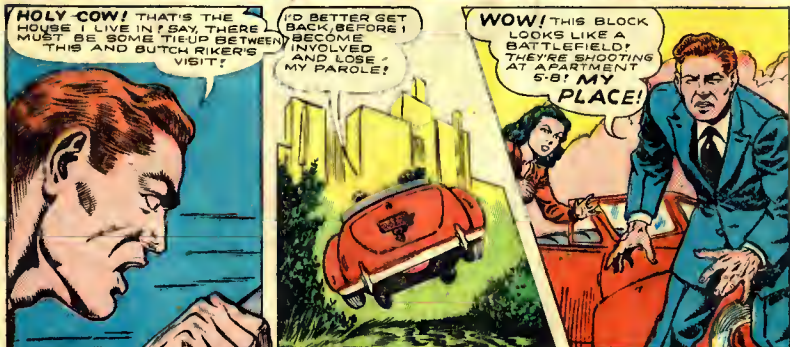
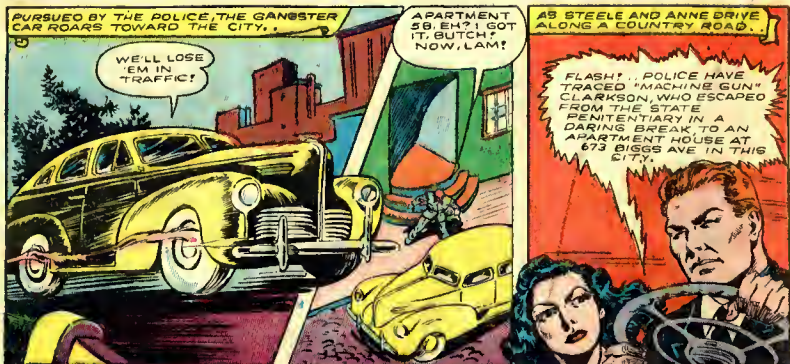


NICE GOIN, BOYS!  
WHERE'S ME  
HIDEOUT  
GONNA  
BE?



I TELL'D OE KEY  
TER STEELE KERRI  
GANG'S APARTMENT  
REMEMBER HIM?





STEELE SUDDENLY  
HITS UPON A  
DARING PLAN.

I'LL GET TO MY  
HOUSE OVER  
THE ROOFTOPS!

I'LL HAVE TO  
JUMP THROUGH  
THE SKYLIGHT!



GOOD! HE HASN'T  
HEARD ME YET,  
BECAUSE OF THE  
MACHINE GUN FIRE.  
NOW, IF I CAN ONLY  
GET CLOSE TO  
HIM!



SUDDENLY..

REACH, KERRIGAN!  
WHAT WUZ YER  
SNEAKIN' IN  
LIKE DAT  
FOR?

TAKE IT  
EASY,  
CLARKSON!  
I'M GOIN' TO  
GET YOU  
OUT OF  
HERE!



AND TURN  
YOU OVER  
TO THE  
COPS!



ARE YOU COMING ALONG  
LIKE A GOOD LITTLE  
RAT, OR DO YOU WANT  
ANOTHER TASTE  
OF THIS!

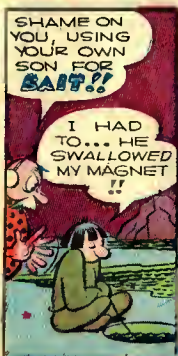
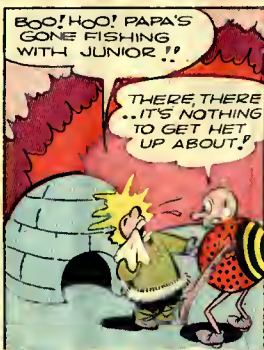
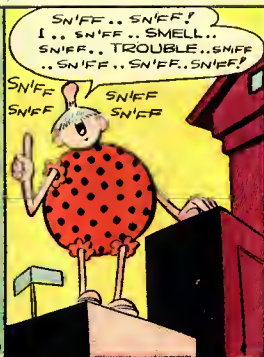
DON'T HIT ME,  
KERRIGAN!  
DOON'T HIT  
ME!



'HERE HE IS,  
CHIEF! ALL  
WRAPPED UP  
FOR HIS RETURN  
TRIP TO THE  
BIG HOUSE!



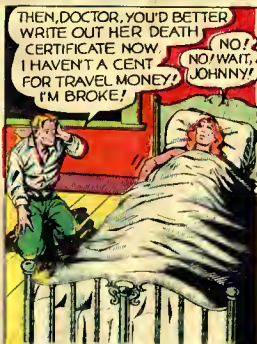
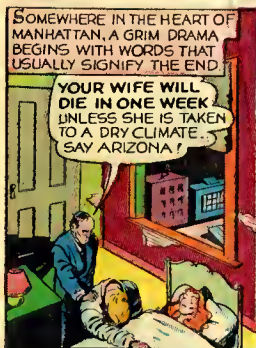




# THE SPIRIT

**B**ELIEVED DEAD, DENNY COLT, A YOUNG CRIMINOLOGIST WAS BURIED... TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER HE AWOKE, BROKE OUT OF HIS GRAVE, AND AS **THE SPIRIT**, HAS CONTINUED HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME...

By  
**WILL EISNER**





AN HOUR  
LATER...

YEAH? AND  
WHO ARE  
YOU?



TELL TONY ITS  
JOHNNY. BILLY  
MARSTEN'S SON  
HE'LL REMEMBER  
THE NAME. MY  
FATHER LOST  
ENOUGH MONEY  
HERE. C'MON,  
LET ME IN! I  
GOT A WAD,  
SEE?

MARSTEN?  
OK, KID,  
COME IN.



WHY, JOHNNY, I HAVENT  
SEEN YOU SINCE YER  
FATHER DIED... I HEAR  
YOU'RE DOWN ON YOUR  
LUCK SINCE Y'  
MARRIED!  
COURSE BUSINESS  
HAS BEEN BAD...

DONT  
LOOK NOW,  
BUT THERE'S  
JOHNNY  
MARSTEN!

CUT IT, TONY!  
I DIDN'T COME  
HERE FOR A  
TOUCH! I WANT  
TO PLAY!

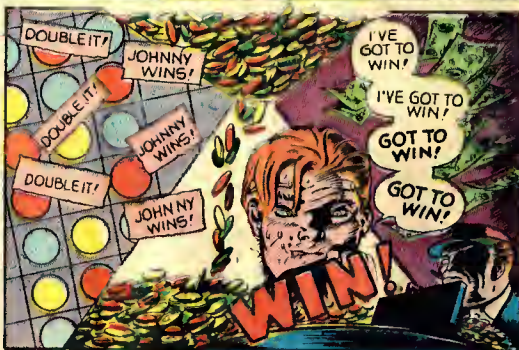
WELL WELL!  
FOLLOWING  
IN HIS FATHER'S  
FOOTSTEPS,  
RIGHT TO TONY'S  
GAMBLING DEN!



WHAT'LL IT  
BE, KID?

\$28.41 ON  
THE RED!

RED IT IS!  
YOU WIN,  
MARSTEN!



DOUBLE IT!

JOHNNY WINS!

DOUBLE IT!

JOHNNY WINS!

DOUBLE IT!

JOHNNY WINS!

I'VE  
GOT TO  
WIN!

I'VE GOT TO  
WIN!

GOT TO  
WIN!

GOT TO  
WIN!

WIN!



HOOR AFTER HOUR..THE DICE  
ROLL AND THE ROULETTE SPINS  
A GOLDEN WEB, CHAINING  
JOHNNY TO HIS CHAIR EVEN  
AFTER THE NIGHT LEAVE

I'VE ENOUGH  
A THOUSAND DOLLARS!  
I'M GOING HOME  
NOW MY WIFE  
WILL LIVE!



AH... JUST A  
MINUTE, KID! I  
THINK MAYBE  
YOU'D BETTER  
PLAY ONE  
MORE HAND  
WITH  
MY  
DECK!

I WON IT! NO,  
I KNOW YOUR  
TRICK. YOU'LL  
WIN IT  
BACK!

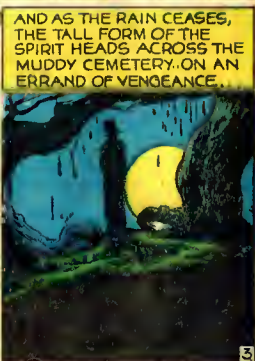


LOOK HERE, SUCKER!  
I'M IN THIS RACKET TO  
MAKE DOUGH... NO ONE  
THAT'S BROKE CAN COME  
IN HERE AND CLEAN  
UP A GRAND! NOW  
BEAT IT! OR DOES  
MONK  
THROW  
YOU OUT?

YOU  
CROOK!  
CROOK!



AT WILDWOOD, THE LIMP FORM IS PUSHED TO THE MUDDY ROADSIDE, UNAWARE THAT THE SPIRIT WATCHES... THE GANGSTERS SPEED ON





AT POLICE  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS

HELLO! WHO?  
THE SPIRIT?  
YEAH...WHAT?  
THE GAMBLING  
RACKET! TAKE  
MY ADVICE  
AND LAY OFF!

NO, I'M NOT SCARED, BUT  
THOSE GUYS HAVE  
INFLUENCE. BESIDES,  
EVERY TIME WE RAID  
THEM THEY JUST START  
SOMEWHERE ELSE.  
WHAT? OF COURSE I'D  
LIKE TO GET SOMETHING  
ON ONE OF 'EM! O.K.  
O.K. ...I HOPE  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DOING!

LATER

YEAH?  
WHO ARE  
YOU?

DON'T STRUGGLE!  
A LITTLE FRESH AIR

THE SPIRIT?  
OPEN UP!

WON'T  
HURT  
YOU!

A MASKED  
MAN!

JUST CONTINUE WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN...  
I JUST WANT TO  
PLAY FARO!

HOLD-  
UP?

DEAL, PAL!  
AND DEAL  
STRAIGHT!

YOU CLEANED US  
OUT. THE BANK  
IS BROKE!

AN  
HOUR  
PASSES

THE PILE  
OF CHIPS  
AND MONEY  
SHIFTS TO  
THE SPIRIT'S  
TABLE..

LEAVING A DUMBFOUNDED  
AUDIENCE, THE SPIRIT CALMLY  
WALKS OFF. HIS POCKETS  
BULGING WITH MONEY..

AMAZING!

NEVER  
BEEN DONE  
BEFORE!

FIFTY  
THOUSAND!  
NOT BAD  
FOR A  
START!

DIAMOND DEN?  
THANKS!  
YOU WIN!

JIPARO JOHNS  
HE BROKE  
THE BANK!

WELL,  
ALLER!

WANT TO  
PLAY ANOTHER  
HAND?

CAN'T!  
THE  
HOUSE  
IS BROKE!

HMM \$300,000!  
NOT BAD, JUST  
ONE MORE  
PLACE TO  
VISIT!

HELLO...HELLO,  
MIKE? ROUND UP  
THE BOYS. THE  
SPIRIT IS CLEANING  
UP THE TOWN! WE  
GOTTA STOP HIM!

CLOSE UP THE  
JOINT! THAT  
GUY JUST  
BROKE THE  
BANK!

AT TONY'S GAMBLING DEN, THE FRIGHTENED GAMBLERS MEET TO STOP THE SPIRIT.

HE'S COMING HERE!

**SHUT UP!**  
ALL OF YOU!  
WE'LL SET  
A TRAP.  
CLEAR THE  
HOUSE. WE'LL  
BE 'GUESTS'!

CLEANED UP  
800 GRAND  
IN THREE  
HOURS!

AS THE  
SPIRIT ENTERS  
TONY'S, A GRIM  
SILENCE  
GREET'S HIM.

AH! COME  
IN, MR.  
SPIRIT!

OH! A  
RECEPTION  
COMMITTEE!

THE BOYS AROUND TOWN  
TELL ME YOU'VE BEEN  
PRETTY LUCKY.. LIKE  
TO PLAY WITH  
ME?

CERTAINLY!  
DEAL...



WHY YOU...  
LET HIM HAVE  
IT, BOYS!

I DIDN'T THINK  
YOU WERE FOOL  
ENOUGH TO  
TRY A CROOKED  
GAME WITH  
ME!

OH. A  
TRAP!  
TSK TSK!

A SPLIT  
SECOND  
LATER THE  
SPIRIT DIES.

FOLLOW HIM!

HEY, BOSS!  
HE SWIPE  
ALL THE  
DOUGH!

HE WON'T GET AWAY!  
I GUESSED HE'D BEAT IT,  
SO I GOT THE WHOLE  
MOB OUT IN CARS.  
STEP ON IT! I WANNA  
BE THERE WHEN THEY  
CROAK HIM!

THROUGH THE CITY  
STREETS THE  
SPIRIT RACES.

WITH  
TWO  
CARS  
RACING  
AFTER  
HIM, HE  
HEADS  
NORTH  
ACROSS  
THE  
SQUARE

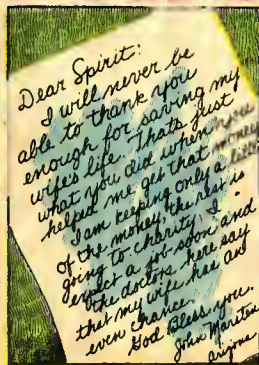
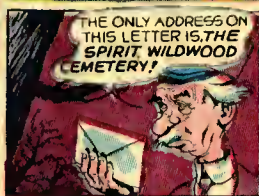
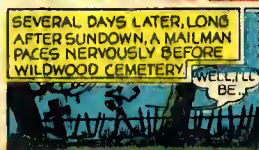
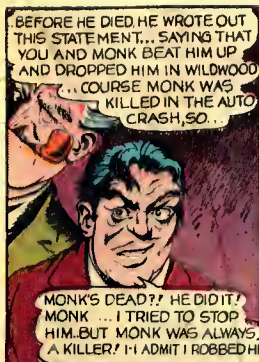
WHEW!  
ANOTHER?

ONCE AGAIN HE SWERVES,  
BUT EACH STREET IS  
COVERED. THE GANG CARS  
CLOSE IN... **THE SPIRIT  
IS TRAPPED!**

OH! OH!  
WAITING  
FOR ME!









# SUPER SNOOPER

by GILL FOX-

SNOOPER HAS BEEN WORKING FEVERISHLY ON A CAMOUFLAGE SERUM WHICH WHEN INJECTED CAUSES CLOTHES AND FLESH TO TURN INTO THE COLOR OF THE BACKGROUND IN FRONT OF WHICH ONE IS STANDING.

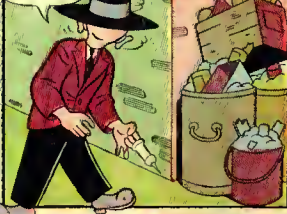
IT WORKED! I'M AS RED AS MY FLANNEL UNDERWEAR!



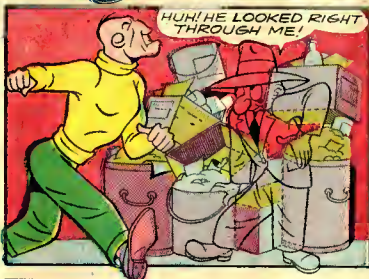
BOY, WHAT I'LL BE ABLE TO DO WITH THIS! I'LL GO OUT INTO THE STREET AN TRY IT ON A COUPLE OF CROOKS!



HERE COMES "MANIAC" MORONE, THE KILLER! I'LL STEP IN FRONT OF THIS RUBBISH!



HUH! HE LOOKED RIGHT THROUGH ME!



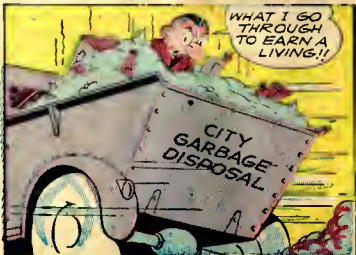
HEY, BEEFY! HERE'S A LOAD WE FORGOT TO PICK UP!

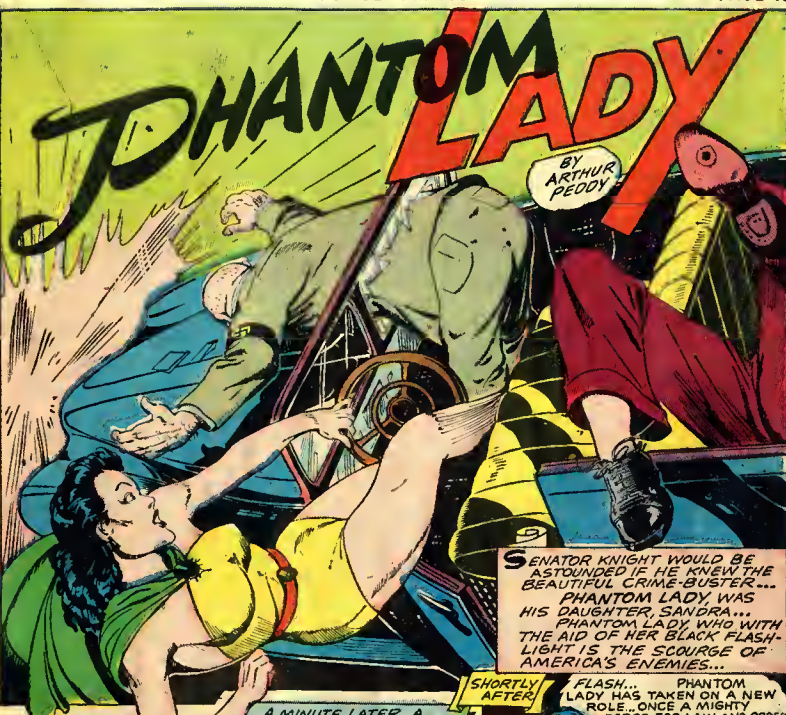


GOSH, WHILE WE WUZ LOADING THAT LAST PILE, I'D HAVE SWORN I HEARD A HUMAN VOICE!



WHAT I GO THROUGH TO EARN A LIVING!!





SENATOR KNIGHT WOULD BE ASTOUNDED IF HE KNEW THE BEAUTIFUL CRIME-BUSTER...  
 PHANTOM LADY WAS HIS DAUGHTER, SANDRA...  
 PHANTOM LADY, WHO WITH THE AID OF HER BLACK FLASH-LIGHT IS THE SCOURGE OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES...

SHORTLY AFTER

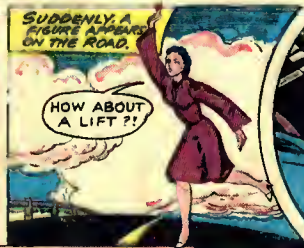
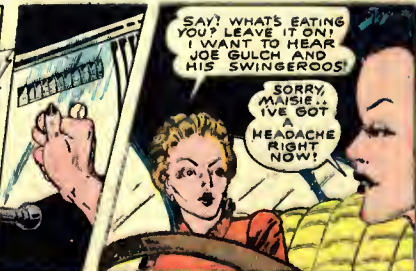
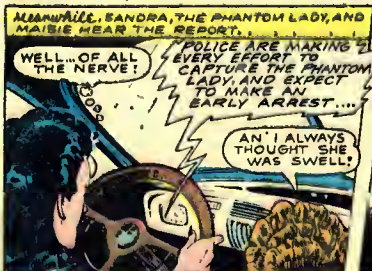
FLASH... PHANTOM LADY HAS TAKEN ON A NEW ROLE. ONCE A MIGHTY FORCE FOR LAW AND ORDER SHE HAS NOW EMBARKED ON A CRIME WAVE OF HER OWN. EARLY TODAY, SHE BOMBED...

BENEATH A NEUTRAL FOREIGN CONSUL BUILDING, A DEADLY BUNDLE IS PLACED BY DAINTY FINGERS.

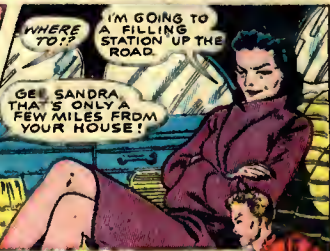
A MINUTE LATER, A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE AIR, AS A FAMILIAR FIGURE DARTS OUT OF SIGHT.



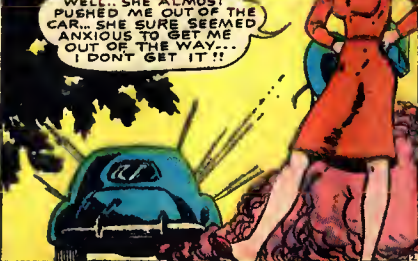
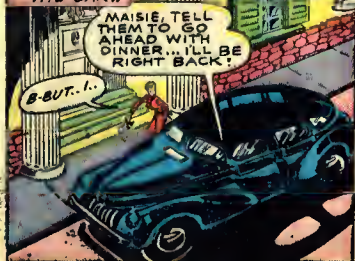




AS THE GIRL SLIPS INSIDE, SANDRA GETS A GLIMPSE OF FAMILIAR CLOTHES.



AT THE KNIGHT MANSION, SANDRA HALTS THE CAR..



Later....

WELL, THANKS  
FOR THE  
LIFT, MISS!

THAT'S  
OKAY!

I'LL JUST  
TAKE A LOOK  
IN THAT  
WINDOW!

BUT...

TAKE DOT..  
YOU  
SNOOPER!

MEANWHILE...

THINK, MAISIE, THINK!  
WHERE DID SHE GO?  
IT DOESN'T TAKE THREE  
HOURS TO GO  
A FEW MILES!  
WHERE IS  
THIS  
FILLING  
STATION?

(SNIFF, SNIFF...  
DON'T SHOUT  
AT ME, DON'T...  
IT'S DOWN  
THE ROAD...  
MAYBE SHE  
WAS IN A  
SMASH-UP...  
OOOON!

A SHORT WAY DOWN THE ROAD, SANDRA PARKS THE  
CAR... THEN...

WHAT LUCK!  
SHE SHOULD  
BE THE KEY  
TO THIS  
MYSTERY!

WELL... HOW  
DID I DO?!

I BELIEVE VE SHALL  
NEXT FINISH DER  
VITE HOUSE! SOON  
DEY VILL GET DER  
REAL PHANTOM LADY  
TO PAY FOR US JA?!

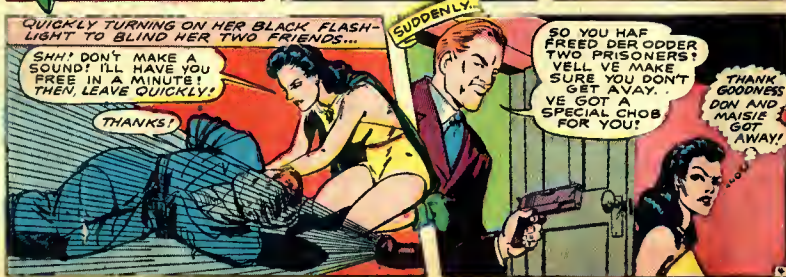
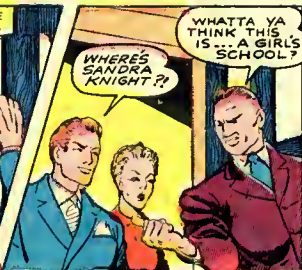
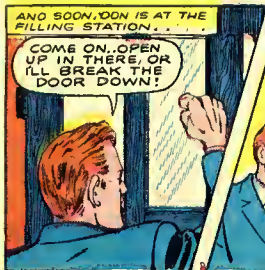
NAZIS!

THAT BOMBING  
WAS A  
NEAT  
JOB!

WAIT... I'M  
GOING  
TOO!..

WHY DIDN'T  
I THINK OF  
THAT BEFORE?









# The HUMAN BOMB



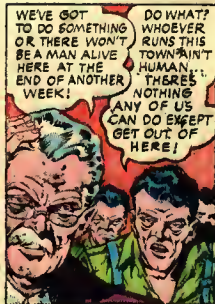
NO ONE  
HAS PEACE HERE  
AT NIGHT AS  
LONG AS YOU  
REMAIN! YOU HAVE  
INTRUDED UPON  
THE SANCTITY OF  
THIS GRAVEYARD...  
THE RESTING PLACE  
OF THE LIVING  
DEAD OF  
SKULL  
VALLEY!!!

TO SAVE THE  
FORMULA OF  
A NEW EXPLOSIVE  
FROM GETTING  
INTO AXIS HANDS,  
CHEMIST ROY  
LINCOLN SWALLOWS  
THE CAPSULE OF  
DESTRUCTIVE  
SUBSTANCE AND  
IS STRANGELY  
TURNED INTO A  
HUMAN BOMB!  
WITH ITS POWER  
CONCENTRATED IN  
ROY LINCOLN'S  
HANDS, HIS  
VERY FINGERTIP  
TOUCH MEANS  
DESTRUCTION  
WORSE THAN  
A TON OF  
DYNAMITE!

SOMEBODY  
STOP THE NOISE  
SO I CAN GET  
SOME SLEEP  
BEFORE I  
GO CRAZY!

THE NEWLY BUILT DEFENSE HOUSING AREA AROUND THE JAMESON CHEMICAL WORKS, FAR FROM CIVILIZATION IN THE DESERT WASTES OF THE WEST, IS RAVAGED AT NIGHT BY MYSTERIOUS FORMS AND WEIRD NOISES COMING FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH. HIDEOUS PROWLERS BREAK THROUGH BOARDED WINDOWS AND BOLTED DOORS... PUTTING WORKERS AT THEIR WITS END FOR A NIGHT OF SLEEP!





THAT NIGHT A FAMILIAR FIGURE ARRIVES AT THE DOOMED TOWN... ROY LINCOLN, HEAD CHEMIST OF THE U.S. NAVY LABORATORY... AND IN A SECRET PERSONALITY... THE HUMAN BOMB!

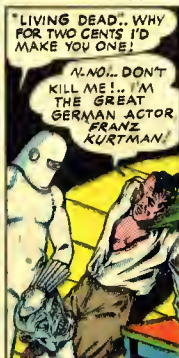
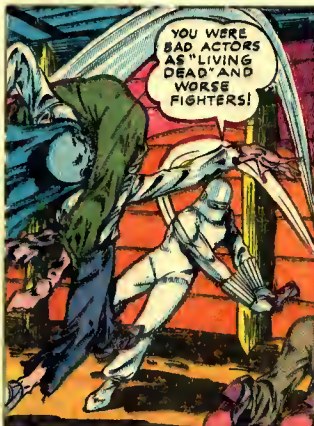




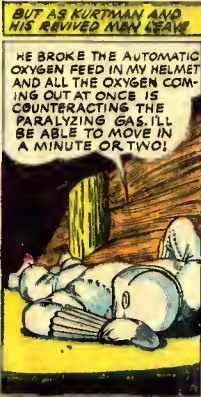
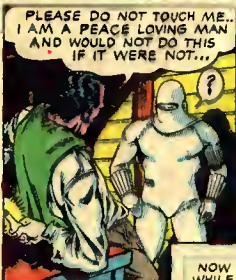


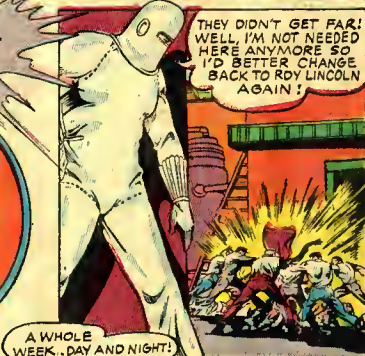
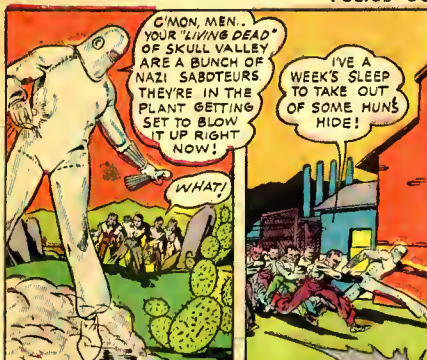






I HAVE TO DO THIS.. THE GESTAPO.. THEY WOULD KILL ME! IT'S MORE THAN PLAYING A PART.. IT IS DESTROYING A NATION! THESE PEOPLE HERE ARE ONLY THE BEGINNING.. I AND MY ASSISTANTS ARE HERE TO RENDER WORKERS USELESS IN INDUSTRY.. WEAR THEM OUT.. AND THEN DESTROY YOUR FACTORIES WHEN THE MEN ARE TOO WEAK TO GIVE US ANY OPPOSITION!







# DARK BAYOU

THE body floated face up. It was swollen and discolored from several days under the boiling Louisiana sunshine. There was a small blue hole directly between the wide-open eyes—made by a hi-power rifle slug.

"It's Elaine!" said old Hack Fasset, the deputy sheriff, to the other three men in the boat. "Pull closer, boys, and we'll fish her out."

It was pretty bad, they discovered when they got the body into the boat. A gar or carp had eaten away part of the right arm. But there was no mistaking that the girl was Elaine Dumere, young daughter of a rich Cajun planter. And there was no mistaking that it was a cinch case of murder.

That was on a Saturday morning. The following Monday, two rat (muskrat) trappers of the region came in with the body of another victim. This time it was Ron Dennis, young blade about town. He had been shot in the head and hurled into the bayou just like Elaine Dumere.

Sheriff Hi Bilkins found his small office crowded with outraged citizens of the community. Who was committing these murders? Why didn't he and his men do something about it?

The sheriff was a spot worried. Election was coming up in another two months; a fellow had to make a pretty good showing in these parts if he expected the folk to cast their votes for him!

"Been doin' all we can, friends," he explained. "We got Stubby and Sill out there in the swamps with a pack of bloodhounds—"

A shout outside burst into the sheriff's words. Everyone rushed out the door. Hank Sneed, who operated a small river boat, was sliding off a fat horse. His face was red and sweaty.

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"Hey, fellers!" he shouted. "Come on down to the river. They's a man floatin' in the water right near my boat, they is!"

The whole pack dashed for the river bank. And sure enough, there was a man, bloated considerably, lying in the water. They got him out after a few minutes. He was unknown to the villagers. But again the tell-tale little blue hole showed in his forehead. They carried the man to Platt's Mortuary and held a conference. Every man in town would set out and try to run down the killer.

"Good idea," agreed the sheriff. "Let's go!"

The fishing was good. Dick Mace sprawled on the mossy bank and leisurely grasped the rod. Back of him a few feet little Pete, his half-breed Indian guide, was frying fish and boiling a pot of strong coffee.

"About ready?" called Dick. "I'm starved, Pete."

"She's ready, Boss," sang out Pete. "Dem perch sure do make yo' mouth water, hunh?"

Dick anchored his rod to a cypress root and went to the folding table. Pete had a beautiful spread. He had even made biscuits. And there was wild honey he had discovered the day before in the hole of a great tree.

"Mmmm!" said Dick as he fell to. "Pete, you're a wizard."

Pete grinned. "T'anks, Boss. But yo' orter eat some of my baked 'possum. Dat's sumptin'!"

Dick wondered as he ate. The idea, me taking a vacation. First time since I got out of school. Wonder what's doing in the big wide world?

Pete was lifting his steaming coffee cup when he groaned and fell face forward across the table, upsetting it and spilling everything. The sharp cough of a silenced rifle whipped through the woods. Dick dropped on the ground and lay still for a few minutes, drawing his pistol. There was no further disturbance, so he arose and scanned the woods in the direction from which the shot had come. Pete had died instantly, with a bullet through his brain.

"Now why would anybody want to shoot poor little Pete?" said Dick to himself. He quickly broke camp and got the equipment and Pete's lifeless body into the canoe. Then he shoved off and paddled rapidly down the river.

About five miles below his camp, Dick heard the sound of crashing through brush and the low voices of men. He paddled into shore. He wasn't quite sure just where he was and he wanted to make a town before night fell. The men saw him before he had touched the bank. One of them yelled, "Hi, there, you! Hold up a minute!"

The men came into the open then, covering him with guns. "Hello, said Dick. What is this?"

"Yo' jist pile outen that boat an' we'll find out who ye are," said one of the rough looking Cajuns.

Dick complied. "I can easily tell you who I am," he told them. He drew a billfold from his pocket and passed it to one of them. "This ought to explain."

The man gazed at it and passed it to another. "Holy jimpin' Jehosephat!" exclaimed the latter. "It's Dick Mace, that slick detective from Noo York!"

There was a mutter of surprise. Then one of the men said, "Jist the guy we want to see. Ye're jist in time to do a leetle detectin', son!"

"I'll be glad to help you," replied Dick. "But who are you looking for?"

"A murderer. A dirty killer in these here woods, that's whol. Shot three-four people last few days."

Dick pointed to his canoe. "Suppose he did that?"

They crowded around the canoe. "Why, it's little Pete Barancasi!" cried one of them. "An' he's plugged right in the same place as the others!"

Dick explained how the murder happened.

"The same low-life killer's work," said the deputy sheriff. "Say, Mister Mace, will you give us a hand on this case?"

"Starting now," grinned Dick.

One of the men volunteered to take Dick's canoe and equipment along with the body of Pete back to town. The others set out through the trees on the trail of a vile killer.

It was Dick's contention that the murderer was either demented or had some reason for scaring people away from the bayou country. He meant to find out as soon as possible.

That first day with the crude backwoodsmen taught Dick Mace a lesson: these men were illiterate and rough, but they had hearts, and they fought for justice. Many of them had been drafted and many more had enlisted. They'd do well as soldiers, Dick thought. Tough. Hard.

During the afternoon they met up with the two men from the sheriff's office who had a pack of bloodhounds in tow. They had little to report; the dogs had picked up no trail.

Dick scanned the lower limbs of the great trees; they stood so close together that they made a dark cover over the terrain. A man could, if he were particularly agile. . . .

Dick said suddenly, "Look, fellows, there are too many of us. We make too much noise and the killer is always warned of our presence long before we get near him. How about me going out on my own the rest of the night? I'll report back to you in the morning."

They considered this for a while. Then Deputy Hack Fasset nodded, spat in the mud, and drawled: "Yeah, I reckon ye're right, younker. Yo' jist high-tail it on yer own. Be seen' ye in th' mornin'."

Dick left them, carrying his rifle and a small pack of food and canteen of water. As he waded through the stagnant swamp his mind was busy. A man didn't just shoot people without reason. Unless he happened to be an imbecile. But Dick discarded this as foolish. The murderer wanted to be let alone. But for what reason?

It was twilight when Dick reached the scene of his old camp with Pete. He searched the general area where the gunman must have stood, but found no tracks. And the mud was soft.

"Just as I thought," soliloquized Dick. "That's why the bloodhounds can't pick up his trail."

He climbed into a great tree

and made a careful inspection of the bark on the upper side of the limb. After a few minutes he found what he expected to find: a piece of bark broken and crushed as if a heavy foot had been placed upon it.

"So he's a sort of modern Tarzan," said Dick. "Well, it wouldn't be very difficult to keep to the trees in this jungle. Wonder if I can trail the mug?"

It was getting dark. Dick curled up at the junction of two huge limbs and fell asleep. Moonlight would help. But Dick slept the whole night through, and awoke, stiff and cold in the early dawn. The trees dripped moisture and Dick could hear soft sucking sounds as the swamp came to life. Heavy bodies splashed now and then, and Dick shivered to think what would happen to a man if he fell into a pack of alligators.

When the sun was a few minutes up, he ate a bit of cold meat, took a sip of water and set out through the branches. He found the fugitive's trail almost immediately—crushed leaves, bits of mashed bark, broken twigs. After two miles he was over what was known as Dark Bayou, a vast, slimy swamp through which neither man nor beast could make its way. It was unexplored. For three miles Dick swung on over the sea of slime and snake-infested swamp. Then he came upon it suddenly. A shack on stilts. On the small porch sat a man wearing a slouch hat and grimy old hunting suit. Just be-

yond the shack there lay an island about two acres in extent, dry, and laid out in plots. Something green grew there.

Dick made his way around the shack until he had a good view of the island. Then he saw what was planted there. Farther to the south he could see that the bayou became a small river, and tied in to shore there was a sleek looking power cruiser.

"So!" said Dick, "that's his game!"

Dick came up to the shack quietly through the branches and when he was a few feet from the porch he said, "All right, you, raise 'em!"

The man leaped to his feet, made a dive for the rifle leaning against the clapboards. Dick jumped, tripping the killer who whirled around with a long knife upraised. But his foot slipped. He crashed over the chair and toppled into the deep water of the bayou. There was a swirl from every side. The man screamed, but his head disappeared almost instantly below the surface, never to show again, as Dick knew. A dozen or more 'gators had seized him.

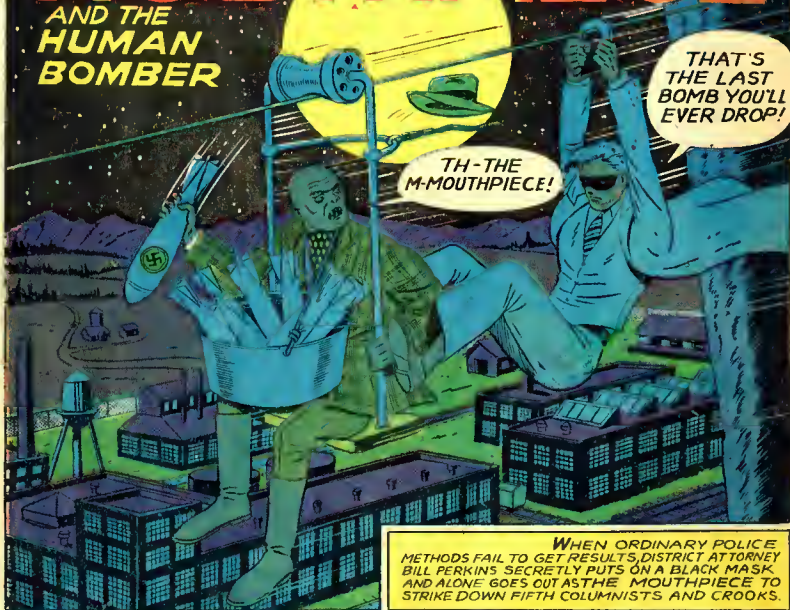
That ends the story of the Dark Bayou. The killer, working for a secret syndicate, had been raising marijuana and selling it to a group who collected his supply at stated intervals and sailed away across the Gulf of Mexico. These things Dick learned when he read the diary kept by the murderer, whose name didn't once appear in the crude journal.





# THE MOUTHPIECE

## AND THE HUMAN BOMBER



THAT'S THE LAST BOMB YOU'LL EVER DROP!

TH-THE M-MOUTHPIECE!

WHEN ORDINARY POLICE METHODS FAIL TO GET RESULTS, DISTRICT ATTORNEY BILL PERKINS SECRETLY PUTS ON A BLACK MASK AND ALONE GOES OUT AS THE MOUTHPIECE TO STRIKE DOWN FIFTH COLUMNISTS AND CROOKS.

THE TANK FACTORY AT THE BASE OF HACKLEHEAD MOUNTAIN IS SUDDENLY BOMBED - APPARENTLY FROM THE AIR!



LATER - IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

ANY LUCK ON THE INVESTIGATION, CLANCY?

NAW, DA - THE PLACE WAS BOMBED - AND FROM THE AIR, BUT THERE WERE NO PLANES AROUND! THIS IS A SCREWY CASE!





HANG AROUND THE  
FACTORY TONIGHT-I  
MAY BE THERE!

OKAY,  
CHIEF!



I THINK I'LL TAKE  
A LOOK OVER AT  
HACKLEHEAD  
MYSELF-AS THE  
MOUTHPIECE!

SOON THE BLACKMASKED MOUTH-  
PIECE IS SEARCHING FOR CLUES.



I'M SURE THIS MOUNTAIN  
HAS SOMETHING TO DO  
WITH THE BOMBING!



SO FAR ALL I CAN FIND  
IS THIS HORSE-SHOE  
I'LL KEEP IT FOR  
LUCK!

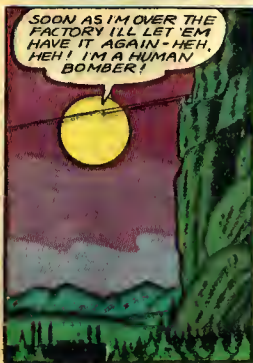
BUT HIGHER UP ON THE MOUNTAIN

THIS IS A SLICK IDEA,  
VONDRULE! WE CAN  
BOMB THAT PLACE  
EVERY NIGHT- THEY'LL  
NEVER GET WISE!

JA, AND  
MAYBE  
GET A  
MEDAL  
FROM THE  
FUHRER!



ALL READY! LET ME  
GO-- EASY!



SOON AS I'M OVER THE  
FACTORY I'LL LET 'EM  
HAVE IT AGAIN- HEH,  
HEH! I'M A HUMAN  
BOMBER!

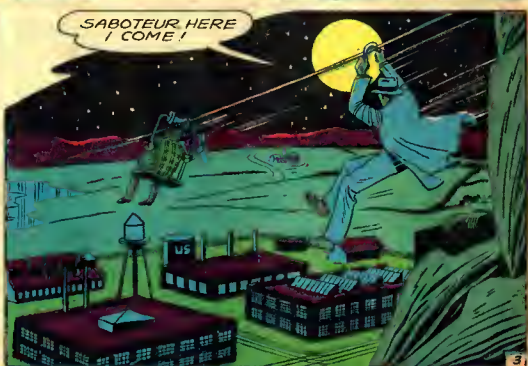
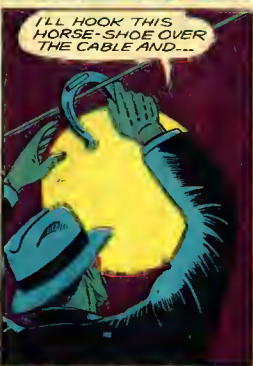


SO THAT'S THEIR GAME!  
USING THAT OLD FOR-  
GOTTEN MOUNTAIN CABLE  
THAT CROSSES THE  
VALLEY BELOW!



NO USE MESSING AROUND  
WITH THAT RAT! I'M  
LETTING DAYLIGHT  
INTO HIM!

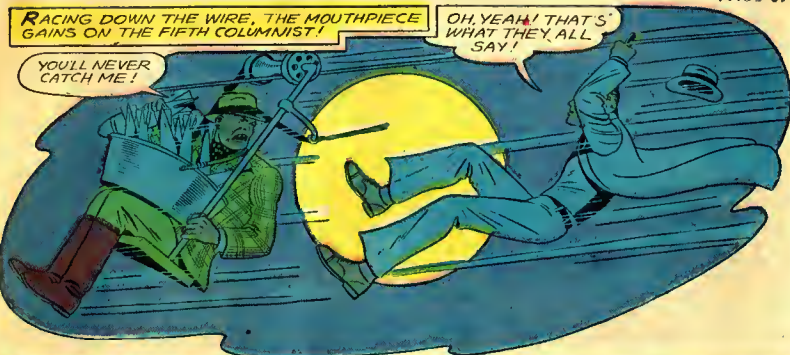




RACING DOWN THE WIRE, THE MOUTHPIECE GAINS ON THE FIFTH COLUMNIST!

OH, YEAH! THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY!

YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!



LEGGO ME!

I'LL MAKE YOU JETTISON THOSE BOMBS!

THE BOMBS LAND IN AN OPEN SPACE CAUSING NO DAMAGE.



SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS IMMEDIATELY STAB INTO THE SKY!

LOOK! TWO GUYS FIGHTIN'! HOW DID THEY GET UP THERE?

IT'S THE MOUTHPIECE! BET HE'S KNOCKING OFF A CROOK!







MEANWHILE VON DRULE COMES TO THE END OF THE LINE.



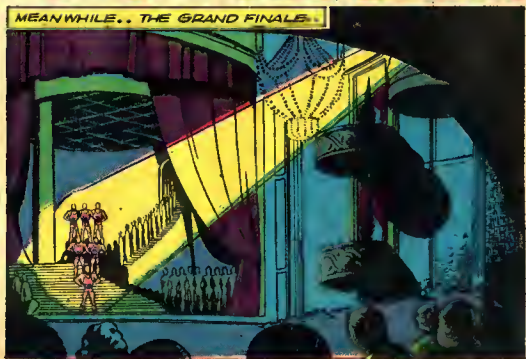
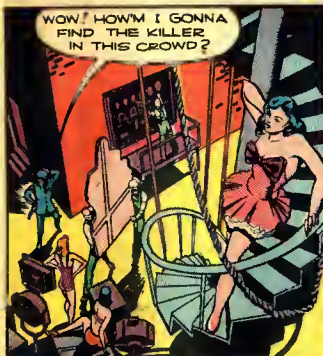
HE DISAPPEARED IN THIN AIR BUT I SAW HIM FOR A MINUTE WHEN THE SEARCH-LIGHTS CAUGHT HIM!



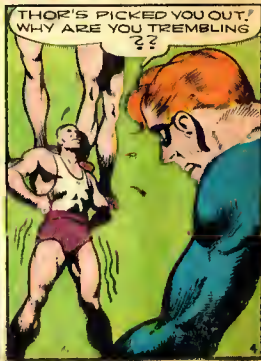


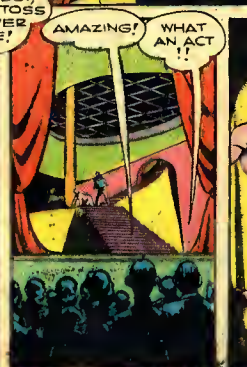
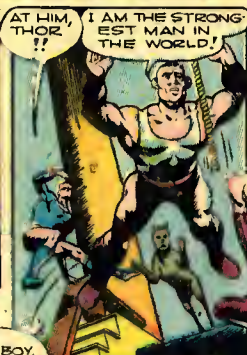




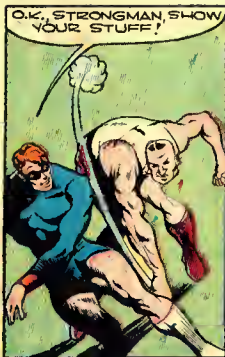












# HERE IT IS!

## POLICE COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER  
No. 13

RUBBER  
*Salvage*  
COLLECTION



THE SPIRIT



MANHUNTER



CHIC CARTER



#711



THE HUMAN BOMB



Starring  
**PLASTIC  
MAN**  
THE INDIA RUBBER  
WIZARD WHO  
BOUNCES, BENDS  
STRETCHES, SHRINKS

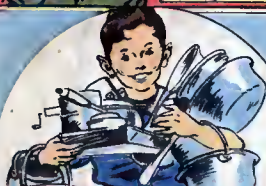
WITH  
THE BEST  
COMICS  
EVER TO  
REACH  
THE  
NEWS-  
STANDS  
!

**TWO SMASHING LEAD FEATURES**  
**PLASTIC MAN** AND **THE SPIRIT**  
**Plus** **MANHUNTER** THE **HUMAN BOMB**  
**CHIC CARTER** **PHANTOM LADY**  
AND MANY OTHERS



# THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

THEY'RE HELPING OUR COUNTRY. ARE YOU?



THIS TOOTSIE FAN collected 931 pieces of aluminum for defense! Plenty of Tootsie Rolls help keep him on the go.



YOU SHOULD SEE 12-year-old Jean roll bandages. Like a veteran! She gets plenty of food energy from Tootsies!



BROTHER AND SISTER ACT for the U. S. A. Together they collected over 8,000 pounds of paper. The whole town sure likes them!...and they sure like Tootsie Rolls!



SHE'S ONLY 11. But this bright Tootsie girl persuaded every classmate to buy a Defense Stamp every week! Yes, Tootsies are fuel for brains too!



## UNCLE SAM SAYS:

"Make sure what you eat is nourishing, pure, and rich in energy." Eat plenty of Tootsie Rolls. They're rich in wholesome Dextrose for quick food-energy!

EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY

ENRICHED WITH **DEXTROSE** FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

America's favorite chewy chocolatey candy!

## Only Tootsie Pops have a Heart!



See the picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open, to show you its heart made of Tootsie Rolls! 8 yummy flavors.



1¢ AND 5¢